

Good Morning \$48

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Let's Trail Our Hounds

STANDING in a meadow at the foot of the lake all aglitter in the sun, with the dark mountains all around, you watch 32 hounds start off on a 35-minute journey over skree, crag and heather, and they gallop at a pace so fast that horses could not live with them, even supposing the country were rideable.

Giving tongue freely, they splash across the brawling torrents to climb the precipices of the mountain in front of you. How they thread their way across ledges so narrow that only ravens and buzzards can have an abiding place there, or have a struggle up rifts in the rock face, no wider than a house chimney, is hard to realise. But they accomplish their task, and presently you see them strung out in a long line on a shepherd's trod. Only one hound at a time can traverse this path, so that the jockeying for position by the fast hounds comes only when the rough, broken, but comparatively level ground of the mountain-top is reached.

Then hounds are lost for a while, and it may, in fact, be 15 or 20 minutes before you espy a single hound on the skyline. This foremost of the company is soon joined by his fellows, and there follows a break-neck descent over boulder-strewn ground to the finishing tape. No foxhounds viewing their fox, as they strain every nerve to overhaul and kill him, goes faster than trail-hounds rushing to the place where stand the judge and the catchers of the first six in.

Trainers behind the barrier whistle encouragingly to their hounds. For several minutes pandemonium reigns. The tumult dies down only when the judge announces his

award. That done, the thousands of spectators rush to the thirty or forty book-makers on the field to receive whatever may be their due.

This hound trailing, the working man's sport in the North-West of England, is the passion of the dalesman, the coal miner, the iron ore miner, and the quarryman of Cumberland, Westmorland, North Lancs, and the South of Scotland.

Easily to understand what is to happen, when he attends his first trail in the lake country, let the visitor look at his watch. He stands, say, at six o'clock, the starting and finishing place. An hour or two before he and his kind assembled, two men, called trailers, met at a point which we will call 12 o'clock, bringing with them what is called the "rag," a piece of cloth or old sacking steeped the night before in a mixture of aniseed and turpentine. They are to lay roughly a circular trail.

The trailer who takes the journey anti-clockwise by way of nine o'clock to six o'clock is the incoming trailer. He it is whose appearance in the field is the signal for the trail to start.

His companion, going clockwise by three o'clock to six o'clock, goes in later, lest any hound who may have been unfortunate enough to have got lost interferes and runs the trail the wrong way. Trail-hounds are trained to run the scent of aniseed and turpentine as carefully as foxhounds run the line of the fox. Hound trailing is, in essence, the pursuit of fox hunting, the invisible fox represented by the mixture of aniseed and turpentine.

They gulp the scent with all the fervour that foxhounds gulp the taint of fox, and the scent is always in their noses, whereas the fox is not so considerate. He is up to all tricks and ways that may baffle his pursuers. Sure of holding even on the stoniest and driest of ground the trail of the invisible fox, hounds go all out from the moment they are slipped until the moment they flash past the finishing tape.

The pace kills, and not very long on in the season trail hounds are little more than living skeletons, their coats drawn taut over their ribs, and bosses of muscle on their skin. But they are possessed of wonderful endurance and grand constitutions, and the best of them run three trails a week for

Thro' Broad Atlantic by Rowboat

MEN have done strange deeds out of nothing but a sense of daring—a powerful desire to prove they could be done.

It is this feeling that has led men to climb Mount Everest, to walk across Niagara on a tightrope and to try to fly the Atlantic in a balloon.

It is no use asking whether there is any "sense" in these activities, or whether they are worth while. These are not the values by which those who take part in them judge themselves.

Of the many strange stories of deliberate daring and discomfort that the history of the sea provides, none is stranger than that of George Harvo and Frank Samuelson, two Norwegian sailors, who decided to row across the Atlantic.

Both were experienced sailors and knew exactly what they were in for—two months' tossing in an open boat, two months' incessant pulling at the oars, day after day of soaked clothing, cold and limited food.

That was quite apart from the danger.

They stepped into their rowing boat at New York early in June, 1897. They calculated that this sailing date would give them the best of the Atlantic weather, but they knew too much about the ocean to suppose they would reach England without at least one big storm.

They had prepared their boat carefully. It was fitted with water-tight compartments and everything was secured and covered so that if they capsized in mid-ocean, as they anticipated, they would be able to hang on to the boat and right it.

They stowed food and water for sixty days, but that was long before our modern tinned and dehydrated foods, and their rations were not much better than those of a ship's lifeboat.

For clothes, they wore heavy overalls over thick woollens.

A SUNNY GOOD-BYE.

It was a fine, sunny day when they waved good-bye to a considerable number of friends and sight-seers, who were divided between the optimists believing they would be picked up by a steamer in a few days, and the pessimists who did not expect to see them again.

The crossing was about 3,000 miles, but the men wisely chose to hug the coast of America as long as possible, and they followed the route that was to be taken some twenty years later by the first trans-Atlantic airmen.

The first news of them was received from a North German Lloyd liner when it touched port (that was before wireless).

They had been sighted and the captain had altered course to pick them up. But they refused his offer, and, while thanking the many passengers who wanted to shower food and money on them, refused any kind of help.

At this time they were making about two knots, taking it in turn to row for three hours each.

Nothing more was heard of them for three weeks. Then they were sighted again, but simply asked for their position and course to be checked.

So far the weather had been kind.

On July 10th it changed suddenly. A storm broke, and the expected happened. The boat capsized during the night. It stayed afloat, but when the men, after clinging to it for some time, managed to right it, they found they had lost the greater part of their stores.

They were too weak to row or bail until daylight came, when they got rid of a foot of water, and settled down to row and watch for a ship, absolutely essential to them now if they were not to starve.

But it was not until five days later, when all their food had gone that they sighted and hailed a Norwegian sailing vessel. The captain reported that they had been in very poor shape, but recovered quickly when taken aboard and given warm clothing and food.

They refused to finish their journey in the sailing ship, and presently, with ample supplies of water and food, returned to their rowing boat.

A SCILLY WELCOME.

They were next sighted some 400 miles from England, and it seemed as if they were really going to pull it off. Wind and currents were now helping them, and the worst they had to face was the effects of exposure, which were gradually beginning to tell.

On August 1st, a cable station in Cornwall received a message from St. Mary's, Scilly Islands, saying that two men had turned up in a rowing boat, saying they had come from New York.

Beneath The Surface

With Al Male

ONE of these days there is the emotion that flooded Athens going to be what used to be called a Revival.

I could almost stake my life on the coming of this revival, and I believe it will take definite form after this war.

And that statement may make some folks shake their heads dolorously.

I have lived long enough to see a few Revivals, which is the religious term for waves of religious enthusiasm. I remember there were several Welsh revivals; there was the great Sankey and Moody revival that swept over continents. And then they washed out.

Now, because they washed out, many smart people said, "There, I told you so. These revivals are all emotion."

Of course they were emotion. That was the fine thing about them.

So is war built largely on emotion; so are most big things in life. And they wash out, too. Why? Because emotion, like anything else of the spirit, cannot go on expending itself indefinitely. But it is fine while it lasts.

The plain fact is that when we bring philosophy into the field of religion, religion languishes and dies.

Professor C. E. M. Joad used to be a hard-boiled agnostic. He used to be a pacifist. He has repented of both. I don't say so. He has said so.

He wrote it in a book not long ago.

About 2,000 years ago there was another instance of religion being brought into the philosophical field; and intellect then made a hash of things—as intellect often does, even to-day.

Gallio was deputy of Achaia, an intellectual of Corinth. Now, in those days there were no greater intellects than the governors or deputies.

They were learned in the law, used to giving judgment. Unemotional. Clear as ice, and as cold.

A man named Paul was brought before him on the charge of trying to persuade men to worship "contrary to the law."

When the charge was read out, up steps Paul, the tent-maker, ready to say his piece; but Gallio didn't give him a chance.

He turned to the accusers and said, "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, reason would that I should bear with you. But if it is a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters."

And he drove them from the judgment seat.

There was no Atlantic Charter in Corinth in those days; but Gallio was not interested in what he thought were religious squabbles. Nor in Revivals.

It has been said that if Paul had tackled Gallio on religious matters Paul would have been out-argued, out-debated. Gallio had the intellect. But Paul had

faith.

It was, indeed, Harvo and Samuelson, who had achieved the apparently impossible by rowing the Atlantic in 55 days exactly. They were considerably feted and enjoyed temporary fame.

This is not, of course, the longest voyage in an open boat, but it is probably the longest rowing trip in the open ocean made deliberately, and one not likely to be repeated even in these days with the many refinements that can be incorporated in an open boat.

Alex Dilke

That is a classic instance of the destructive force of philosophy, of intellect, on religion. So don't place much reliance on the arguments or speculations of philosophy or intellectuals—not in this matter.

The intellectuals deal with everything except the things of the spirit. They deal coldly. Whoever heard of a Revival among the intellectuals?

Can you think of the mental aloofness of Marcus Antonius, who sat in the amphitheatre and wrote philosophical bits as he watched early Christians being burned alive? Fine philosophy, maybe; but damn bad humanity.

I remember a revivalist telling me that there was only one creature who didn't like Revivals—and that was Satan. Revivals put him off his stroke, so to speak.

And I have a vivid recollection of one Sunday morning in a shelter for the down-and-outs of London—not a bomb-proof shelter, but a shelter in very truth, where the down-and-outs got food and shelter—when a Revivalist came and made that place warm with the eloquence of his talk.

It was in Blackfriars, this shelter. I saw some of the riff-raff of London brought back to a sense of decency and morality and personal importance.

I saw a youth there down on his knees, all the rottenness of his early and too mature sinfulness slip off him as he raised his now shining face up and said, "I never thought I could look at my mother again."

Some philosophy would have said that this was just passing emotion. It was emotion, but it changed that boy's life.

Why, if it comes to that we can confute the cold philosophers out of their own pronouncements. We can confute the so-called scientific debaters, too.

I ask them to listen to what Herbert Spencer, the greatest thinker of them all, said when he wrote about death.

He said death was a dislocation of the correspondences of life. ("Correspondence" is a scientific term, meaning, roughly, the principles of life.)

A thing or a man dies, said Spencer, when its correspondences get out of gear. A bird dies when its wings are broken. It hasn't the correspondence of flight, a necessary one for a bird.

All right. A man dies when he has no correspondence with the things higher up—such as the things of the spirit. For "we live not by bread alone." Yes, that is true.

Well, if we don't strive after that correspondence we lose it.

If we don't strive after physical health we lose it.

If we don't strive after happiness we lose it. Nature never forgives a neglect. She punishes a neglect.

And the boy I mentioned above got a hold of the correspondence he had almost lost . . . and it changed him.

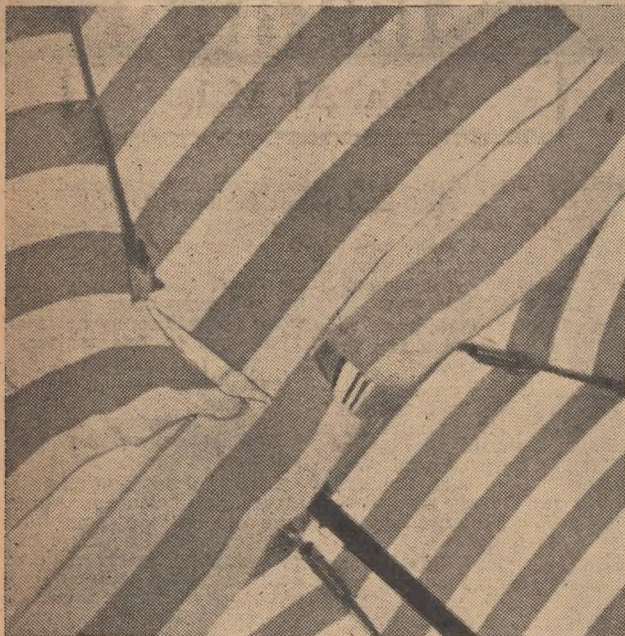
It is not a flight of fancy, this. It is a Law. And you can't break the law without paying the penalty; not the legal material penalty, maybe, but the inner, more definite penalty.

Well, a Revival is just a gathering of force to stimulate the recognition of this correspondence. Besides, you can't have a revival unless you are willing to be revived. And who among us doesn't need reviving?

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was Cactus Plant.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

HE WAS A CHEEKY

BILL was ploughing fallows. All morning a flock of crows had followed him up and down. They were a jolly crowd, talking away amongst themselves because the frost had gone, and Bill was making the soil just right for grubbing, for their express benefit, they seemed to think.

But that particular field was the home of about a score of plovers (pee-wits was Bill's more familiar name for them). They screamed and circled, dived down to the ground with such force, it looked as though they must surely dash themselves to pieces.

Then, almost touching the ground, they spread out their wings and skimmed lightly over the newly-turned soil.

Bill watched their evolutions as he walked along the furrow, and, from thinking at first that they were resentful of the crows monopolising their fallows, he came to the conclusion they were just showing off because the frost had gone and a wintry sun was heralding the promise of spring.

There was one plover in particular that seemed full of fun this sunny morning, and was teasing an old crow that was diligently digging for worms a

little way off from the flock.

He'd no time to fool about, however, and as the plover circled around him, curtsied before him, and seemed to say, "Think to that, rookie"; the rook replied with a hoarse caw that sounded like "Garn," and went on with his digging.

The plover became impudent. He sidled gallily up to the unsuspecting crow, dipped his slender beak into the hole the crow was busy digging out and circled around with what-ever tit-bit the crow had laboriously unearthed.

With an angry caw the crow gave chase, but his heavy wings had no chance against the lightsome plover, and, disgusted at such flip-pant behaviour, the staid old crow merged himself amongst the crowd and was lost to sight.

About eleven o'clock, the crows had satisfied their appetite and flew off, leaving the fallow in possession of the plovers, a flock of starlings—and Bill.

About four in the afternoon the crows began to dribble back—about a dozen of them at first, swaying in the elm tree as though measuring up the amount of ploughing done in their absence.

Basking on the fallows were a ring of plovers enjoying the last gleam of the setting sun. One of the crows gave a short "gar"—which was answered immediately by one of his friends—and together they floated down beside the resting plovers.

They walked unconcernedly about, grubbing as they went, until they came alongside one of the plovers.

Before the impudent plover knew what was coming, he received several sharp blows that sent him wheeling and screaming with fright instead of pleasure—seconded by a chorus of approval from the elm tree.

"If it isn't music while yer work," commented Bill, as the crows grubbed for their evening meal, and the plovers began their evening exercises, "it's a danged good show."

J. S. NEWCOMBE TELLS ANOTHER "GHOST STORY" BAIKRN OF BLUE ROOM

IN a lonely spot, two miles from Hungerford, in Berkshire, stands Littlecote Hall, the ancient seat of the Darrell family. If one can speak of a "typical haunted house," this is it.

On three sides it is enclosed by parkland, which casts an eerie gloom over the building. The interior is more gloomy still. The spacious, stone-paved hall is hung with coats-of-mail and helmets, and below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, which once served the Darrell retainers for armour.

One of the bed-chambers on the first floor is called the "blue room." Time has faded the blue bedstead and furniture, and the trappings are threadbare and dingy.

In the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you can see where a small piece of the fabric has been cut out and sewn in again.

No one has slept in this room for many a year. For it is haunted by the terrible phantom of a lady with dishevelled hair, in white garments, carrying a baby in her arms.

Her appearance is associated with the curious circumstance of the patched curtain.

The story of the mother and her murdered child—for murdered most foully it was—goes back to Elizabethan times. This is how the story runs:—

THE MYSTERIOUS HORSEMAN.

On a dark, rainy night in November, an old midwife sat dozing before her cottage fire-side. She was suddenly aroused by a violent knocking on the door, and upon opening it, found a horseman, who told her that her services were required by a person of rank.

She was promised a handsome reward for her help. The visitor went on to say that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret.

She must submit to be blindfolded and taken in that condition to the bed-chamber of the lady.

The midwife hesitated. She didn't like the unusual proviso, she feared the horseman, and did not relish a journey into this wild night. But, lacking the courage to refuse, she gave in.

The mysterious horseman bound her eyes, placed her on a pillion behind him, and they started from the cottage.

After proceeding in silence for many miles, through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she knew must be a mansion of size and wealth.

When the bandage was removed from her eyes she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man whose aspect was startling for its well-bred ferocity.

The midwife had arrived none too soon, and hardly before her preparations were complete the lady gave birth to a fine boy.

The man, who had never left the room, immediately snatched the child from the midwife, and crossing the room, threw it on the back of a fire blazing in the huge chimney.

By its struggles, the child rolled itself off upon the hearth. The midwife rushed forward and lifted it in her arms. The screams of the distracted mother split the air.

GRILLED TO DEATH.

A demoniac fury took possession of the man. He again seized the baby from the horrified midwife, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to the child's life.

The mother fell back upon the pillows, and it looked as though she, too, were dead.

An hour's tender nursing revived her. Then the midwife's former conductor appeared and told her she must go.

For the second time he bound her eyes, conveyed her on horseback to her own cottage, and having paid her handsomely, departed.

When day broke, the midwife made her way to a magistrate and related to him all the facts of the preceding night.

Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the unnatural crime had been committed.

One was that, as she sat by the bedside, the old woman had, with a view to discovering the place later, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain and sewn it in again. The other, that as she descended the staircase she had counted the steps.

Every mansion for miles around was carefully examined. The blue room in Littlecote Hall was easily recognised by the midwife.

Darrell, the man of ferocious aspect, was arrested on her evidence and later tried at Salisbury for the murder.

By corrupting the judge, Darrell escaped the sentence of the law. But a few months after the trial he broke his neck by a fall while hunting.

The spot where the murderer died is still known by the name of Darrell's Stile, and local people take care not to pass that way when the night is dark.

The truth of this fearsome legend has never been challenged. Many persons, members of the Darrell family and visitors, have tried to sleep a night in the faded blue room.

But horror, horror, horror tears their eyelids open, for the mother and her murdered son will give them no more rest.



ROMANTIC?

NEXT time you sit down to your dinner rations, whether afloat or ashore, just say to yourself, as you look at the vegetables, "There's Romance here!" and you won't be romancing.

There actually is romance in the "two veg." that is worth a grace, both before and after.

Some people say it was Sir Walter Raleigh who brought potatoes to England. Others say it was Drake. It was neither.

It was Sir John Hawkins, a gallant seaman, in the year 1563.

But potatoes were known in Africa and South America long before that.

Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I, was glad to pay two shillings a pound for her spuds—and two shillings then was worth ten times what two shillings are worth to-day. Later they went out of fashion.

In 1708, a book called "The Gardener's Kalendar" printed an article condemning all potatoes as good only "for swine."

Chips, presumably, were not invented then.

It was not till 1750 that potatoes were an established dish in Scotland.

Did you know that during the 17th century the dahlia was a big rival of the potato? The dahlia was cultivated in Mexico and elsewhere for its roots by a Dr. Dahl, who gave his name to it and to the flower.

As for the onion, nobody knows when or where it became a favourite dish.

The history of the onion is lost in antiquity, although there was a Jewish city of Onion, built by Onias, near the Gulf of Suez, over two thousand years ago.

It was the Romans who brought onions to England, and Richard II paid twelve shillings a bushel for them—when he could get them.

The Crusaders brought shallots home with them from the Near East; these were planted, and became quite a favourite.

As for the famous Welsh onion, that came from Siberia. Leeks, the emblem of Wales, came, strangely enough, from Switzerland about 1500.

The £.S.D. OF IT SMOKING

EXCISE duties last year contributed over £425,000,000 to the cost of the war, and the greater part of this was contributed by men and women smokers. Indeed, it is now estimated that smokers are paying £1,000,000 a day in duty on their cigarettes, tobacco and snuff.

In 1937 the tax on tobacco brought in only about £80,000,000. The tremendous increase is due not only to the steep rise in the taxation on them, represented by the increase in price of 20-for-1s. cigarettes to 2s. 4d., but also to an increase in the number of smokers and their daily consumption.

It is now calculated that the average smoker is smoking two cigarettes a day more than in 1937.

The increase in the number of smokers is offset, to some degree, by the many hundreds of thousands in the Forces who

Every Dinner Plate is, says

Marcus Delinger

But if you want to be really healthy, eat cabbage.

At least, Cato, the famous Roman, said that it was because Romans ate much cabbage that there was no doctor in the country for over five hundred years.

The old Romans ate cabbages at almost every meal, boiled, mashed, and in many other ways.

The common broad bean was cultivated in ancient Egypt by people whose mummies are now in museums.

Cauliflower and broccoli were in existence as foods in Cyprus long before the Crusaders passed on their way to Palestine.

Another of the oldest vegetables is peas.

Peas were grown and eaten in various parts of Asia long before Britain was civilised. They did not come to Britain until about the 10th or 11th century, and then were thought fit only for poor people.

It was not until the early 19th century that a Herefordshire squire, Sir Thomas Andrew, grew what was called a wrinkled pea, and people sat up and took notice.

This pea was so tender that it was called a "marrow pea," and that is why we have peas now called "marrowfat peas."

The strange thing is that Britain has not honoured the men who brought their vegetables home.

Yet in Germany, at Offen-burg, there is a statue to Sir Francis Drake, because the Germans thought he brought the potatoes to them.

get tobacco and cigarettes duty-free or at reduced duty.

The number of cigarettes sold in the ordinary way through shops is 2,000,000,000 a week, and the Forces have many millions more.

Every minute, somewhere in the British Isles 200,000 little flames flash from lighters or matches lighting cigarettes and piling up the money in the Treasury.

Tobacco has long been the standby of Chancellors looking for revenue—and smokers have never failed in their "duty."

In 1937, the amount contributed by smokers to the National Revenue paid for the upkeep of the Royal Navy during the year.

The profit on each cigarette is a minute fraction of a penny, but four members of the famous Wills family left estates totalling £18,000,000.

The Exchequer benefited again by taking a great part of it in death duties!

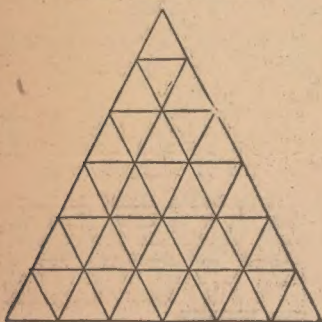
Real Havana cigars are now a luxury, since none have been imported since the outbreak of war. A price equivalent to 17s. each was paid at an auction of some pre-war Havanas.

Up to the First Great War, cigars contributed substantially to revenue, although the tax was only about 1d. a cigar. In 1914, 100,000,000 Havana cigars were smoked.

Calculations show astonishing figures for waste. If all the cigarette-ends were collected and re-manufactured, well over £1,000,000 worth of cigarettes per week would be produced!

In fact, before the war some thousands of ends were picked up by tramps, who did a retail trade in second-hand tobacco.

PUZZLE CORNER

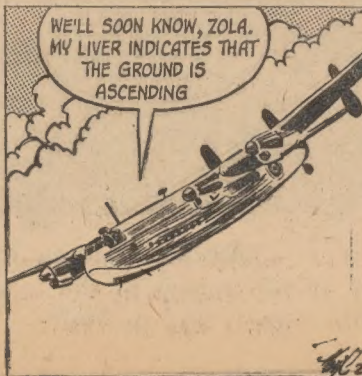
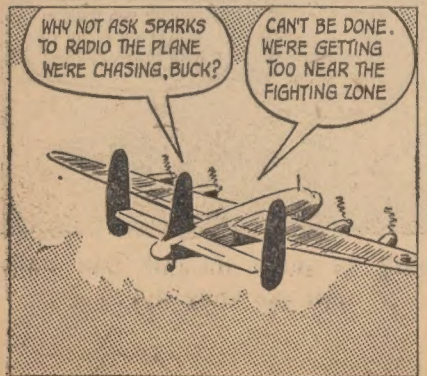
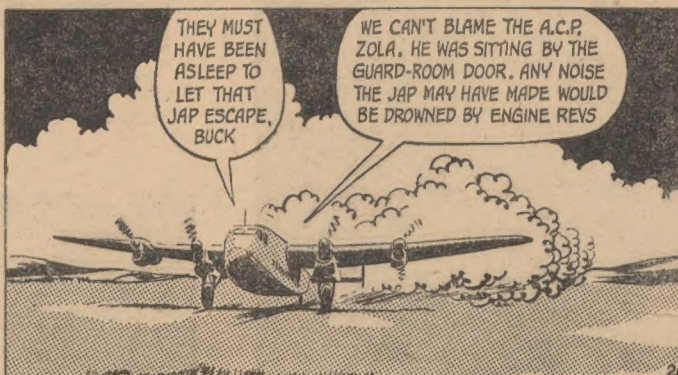
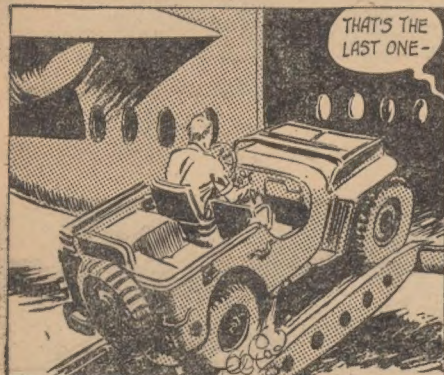
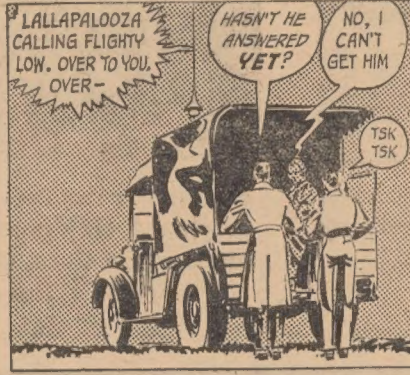
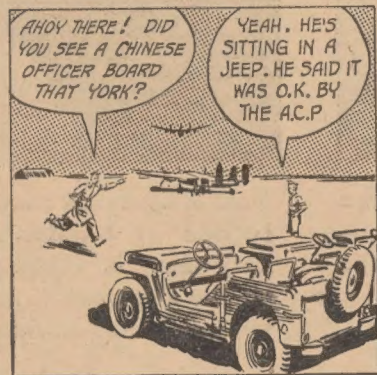
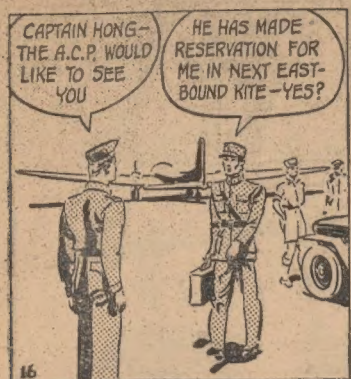


HOW MANY TRIANGLES HERE?

(Solution in S 49.)

Solution to Coins Puzzle in S 47. Lift the bottom coin and put it on top of centre one.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

SUPPLIES are now on the market of the Matabeleland memorial stamp from Southern Rhodesia, illustrated in this column. The regular issues of Southern Rhodesia are printed in London, but this stamp is printed at Pretoria by the Union Government Printer.



This dark green and brown 2d. stamp depicts a mounted trooper of the British South African Police, and it commemorates the suppression of the rising of the Matabele under the notorious King Lobengula by British South Africa Company's forces on November 4, 1893.

The stamp is watermarked with the spring-bob's head, and has a round perforation of 14. The paper is rather coarse and the general appearance of the stamp is poor.

As 2d. is the letter rate in the Empire, quantities printed are likely to be considerable. Still, you never can despise these commemoratives, and I advise getting a few fine used copies or some mint blocks of four.

According to the "Bulawayo Times," it is "unlikely that the Matabeleland Jubilee stamp will be on sale nearly as long as the 1940 Jubilee issue. Some denominations of that issue are still on sale as a result of changes in postal rates during the war, which made them less widely used than had been expected."

By the way, it has been reported that on the last stamp in each sheet, that is, in the bottom right-hand corner, there is a constant plate flaw. This is a white line across the saddle-roll behind the trooper.

The War Effort bantam stamps of South Africa overprinted for South-West Africa, are in plentiful supply at the moment. I advise getting the complete set against future appreciation.

South-West Africa is a popular colony, and once these bantams (some are pictured here) are obsolete they are certain to rise in value.

They should, of course, be collected in blocks, so that you will have record of the various perforations and roulettes. A cheap investment, and, I consider, a wise one.

Among new issues worth buying is the Tonga Jubilee set printed by De La Rue. There are five values, 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d. and 1s., each in two colours. The design shows the native Queen Salote in ceremonial attire, and is similar to that of the 20th anniversary issue of 1938.

I have heard that two sets may be made, one on thin paper with a clear watermark, and the other on medium opaque paper, with slight differences in colour shades.

Two other colonies worth keeping an eye on are Canada and Newfoundland. The latter has just issued two new stamps, a 7c. pictorial air mail, showing a plane flying over St. John's, and a 30c. value for ordinary postage, both line-engraved and printed by the Canadian Bank Note Company.

These stamps should soon be in the hands of English dealers, and as it is likely that there will be only one distribution, it would be well to put through an order without delay. It does not necessarily follow that either of these stamps will become scarce, but anything can happen in war-time, and Newfoundland is a popular country among philatelists.

Some of the 1942 war effort stamps have already become obsolete, and if your set is not complete I advise filling up spaces. The 4c. grey is being widely tipped as a good investment item, in used condition. Both design and colour of this value has been changed to the King's head type in red. The grey stamp fetches as much as 2s. 6d. in to-day's market.

Collectors who laid in a few sets of the Coronation issues, and suffered disappointment, will be glad to hear that they are now on the upgrade. At recent sales they fetched higher prices than ever before. The Gold Coast set has risen from something like face value to a figure double face value. Malta and Gibraltar have also risen swiftly.

Now what looked like a white elephant is assuming the shape of a good investment, and collectors are hanging on to all Coronation issues in the firm belief that they will increase still further in value.

Eire issued on November 13 of last year two stamps in commemoration of Sir William R. Hamilton, the mathematician. They were 1d. green and 2d. sepia, and were typographed.

**Good
Morning**



Craftsmen All



Unaltered in appearance for four centuries, Billingsgate leather "billycocks" were worn by bowmen at the Battle of Agincourt.



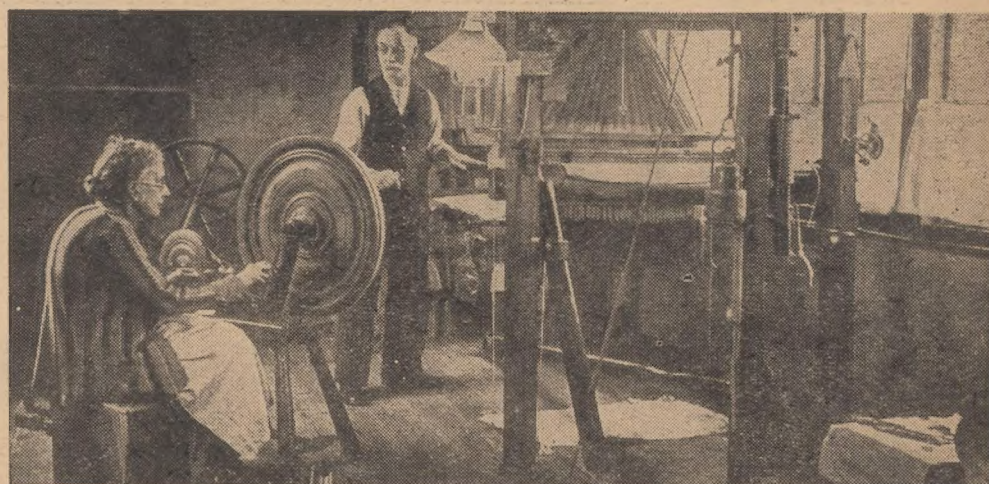
Modern machinery cannot make the "old original" clay pipe; here you see the 150-year-old Cannon Gate, Glasgow, workshop, where the world's finest are made by hand.



Yes, it takes all kinds to make a world. Above is one of London's bellows-makers. Sounds easy—but, it takes a five-year apprenticeship before the work's okay. Some examples, chased with gold and silver sell for hundreds of pounds.



Here's a picture from the "White Country," where the pale sunlight gleams on what is still the finest pottery workmanship in the world. "There's none can touch us," as they rightly say in Staffs.



The last of the weavers who made Spitalfields silk famous wherever texture, strength, beauty—and not price—were the considerations. These hand-weavers still work to-day.



What with "coopongs" and leather shortage, this clog-maker in Rochdale, Lancs., is kept busy these days.



So long as ships do sail, Old Sails will see they do.